

## LOST BATTALION SAVER TELLS OF WAR'S EXPLOIT

Lieut. Arthur McKeogh Arrives Here With 44 Other Pershing Heroes.

EX-"EVENING SUN" MAN

His Tidings to Colonel Brought Relief to Americans Who Were Trapped.

"Now tell me this," a French officer said recently to a German prisoner just captured at St. Mihiel—the conversation between the Frenchman and the German being repeated yesterday at the Fourth Liberty Loan headquarters by one of a group of Pershing's officers who arrived here direct from France yesterday at noon to help boost the lagging Liberty Loan. "Tell me, do you Germans still have faith in your motto, 'Gott mit Uns'?"

"Yes," answered the German prisoner to the Frenchman, a bit weakly. "But you Frenchmen have the Americans with you."

Some of the reasons why the Boche coupled Yankee help with even the Teutonic version of a personality owned "Gott" were easily apparent as one listened to the scraps of tales that came from the lips of the officers—forty-five in all—as they smoked their cigars after luncheon at the Bankers Club and rested for a moment before hurrying into the streets to try to secure personal effort to put the Fourth Liberty Loan over the top.

### Just Out of Battle.

They had just come out of the fog of the fighting in France, one of them very recently that it might almost be said he stepped directly from the ranks of the magnificent "Lost Battalion" on the island of Manhattan. Seemingly it was only hours earlier that America had learned that the immortal battalion had been lost, surrounded, in the gloom and jungle of the Forest of Argonne and found again, yet here in Manhattan was one of the lost band, a wound stripe on his arm, who a moment before had stepped ashore here from the deck of one of the speediest of ocean liners now in Government service.

And from his own lips, although he did not say so in so many words, it was learned that it was left to a one time reporter on the Evening Sun to save the "Lost Battalion" from annihilation.

The name of the lad—his years still make it possible to speak of him almost as if he were a boy—was Arthur McKeogh. He lived at 42 East Ninety-third street and was a youthful newspaper man at the time the first Plattsburg camp was opened by Gen. Leonard Wood. Immediately McKeogh went into training at Plattsburg. When he entered the war he got a commission as Second Lieutenant of Infantry and was sent to Camp Upton. Last April he sailed for France as one of the greater city's own Seventy-seventh Division.

### Harried Back Into Fighting.

He and his platoon for six weeks were at Arras backing the British as reserves and then were sent to a sector of their own in Lorraine. Next McKeogh was fighting near the Vesle and later on the Aisne, and after almost five months of hard service he and his brother youthful "veterans" were headed westward along a French road happily toward a well-earned rest, when they were stopped in the roadway, ordered about face, and hurried back into the fighting in the Argonne.

It was there, in the last few days of the month just passed, that the first of his great moments came to him amid the shadows and almost impenetrable underbrush of the forest. Happenings came so fast immediately after that on an early day in the present month—Young as October still is—a superior American officer was feeding the famished lad with wheat cakes, and while hurrying off the savors of the "Lost Battalion" which the New York boy had bravely held to fetch, was slapping McKeogh on the shoulder and saying, "And now if you're able, or whether you are or not, report this morning at headquarters to leave immediately for home. Thanks and good luck to you, sir, and do what you can for the loan."

### Battalion Outstrips Division.

A part in the big twenty mile push first was played by the "Lost Battalion" on the night of September 25. With Major now Lieut.-Col. Charles W. Whittlesey urging the soldiers onward the battalion advanced all day on the 26th, bivouacking that night in a German trench line known as the "Tirpitz," and heading onward and onward the next day and the next and next. So fast did Whittlesey make them peg along through the machine gun fire which the retreating Germans sent back that the battalion soon began to outstrip the American division to its left. The "Lost Battalion" had reached and passed L'Homme Mort, the ravine in which France first pronounced the motto of Verdun, "They shall not pass," and still went onward.

McKeogh, by this time a First Lieutenant and adjutant, had stationed runners at regular intervals along the line to keep in communication with the units which the battalion so rapidly was outstripping. But late one day, while trying to get word from Major Whittlesey back to his superiors Lieut. McKeogh found that his Post No. 10, a cemetery, on the line of communication had been wiped out.

On the morning of September 29 Major Whittlesey told McKeogh to take five French machine gun teams and try to restore the human break in the line at Post No. 10. McKeogh and his men crawled to the cemetery and tried to carry out their orders, but came close to being overwhelmed by superior German forces that his doughty Major had to call him off. By now the roar and barking of machine guns on the "Lost Battalion" left began to convince them for the first time that they really were "lost."

### Selects Two Runners.

"Select two runners," Major Whittlesey said to McKeogh, "and try to get back through the German lines." Whereupon Lieut. McKeogh picked out a Manhattan garment worker named Hirschowitz and one Jack Munson to accompany him back on the desperate, hopeless trip for reinforcements. For days and nights thereafter McKeogh, Hirschowitz and Munson lived hours that were epic.

With a compass to guide them, they

crawled into the thick underbrush in the gathering night, avoiding the open forest trails because the Boche knew too well all the woods paths and enfiladed them. But so dense was the undergrowth that McKeogh, when he came to a path at daybreak, decided, because of the need for speed, to risk everything in a dash along the trail.

### Bullet Hits Between Eyes.

"No," he said, "The bullet went right at least a little bit. It hit the first German between the eyes and he died instantly of headache. The other turned and disappeared into the underbrush. We stopped only to take a snapshot of the dead officer—I've got the negative with me—and search him for anything that might be useful to the Intelligence Division."

Then the three of us ducked back into the undergrowth and followed the compass. Some time, I forget exactly when, we almost stumbled into a fun hole—a sort of individual trench—with the heads of two or three Germans showing near the edge of the hole. We separated a little to try to crawl around the hole, but had crawled only a little way when we came on another Hun funk hole.

"Spread out and beat it," I said to Munson and Hirschowitz, or something like that. And I just about had started when, savior, there was nothing but air beneath my feet and I sprawled to the bottom of a third funk hole.

I landed on something soft and opened my eyes to find that my legs were straddling the neck and shoulders of a Hun. Standing right in front of me, within touching distance, was another German soldier, and all three of us, the Germans and myself for a second were too surprised to speak. I don't know German, but somehow I thought of Weber and Fields, and the only thing I could think of to say was, "Gott! Was ist los?"

### Kills Two More Germans.

"Was ist los?" the German soldier standing opposite me repeated in a dazed sort of way, and for a moment we stared at each other, the Hun beneath me spluttering all the time and trying to heave me off his neck and shoulders. Then I guess my brain functioned an instant quicker than the brain of the Heine staring at me, for I got out my automatic and plunked him twice through the face. He dropped with a grunt and then I shot downward beneath my legs into the back of the German I was straddling and killed him.

"I scrambled out of the hole then and ran hell bent through the brush. At the top of an incline where the woods were a little more open I stumbled over a root or rock and slithered headlong down a long incline. At the bottom was a pile of leaves. I burrowed in them and lay there, all in, until 4 o'clock in the morning. It was about 7:30 o'clock in the morning when I reached the quarters of the Colonel who was to receive my despatches telling that we needed help."

"When did you eat last?" the Colonel yelled at me as I tried to tell him everything at once, and I told him my last food was some days before, two days, I think. He wouldn't let me talk any more then, but plunked me down before a plate of wheat cakes and coffee in his quarters, and every time I tried to talk he'd jump me.

"Shut up," he'd yell. "That's the way with you new young officers from civil life, you don't learn how to obey orders. I distinctly tell you to shut up and you don't. Shut up and eat!"

### Praise for His Companions.

"Then when he'd seen my despatches and everything was going shipshape I braced him again. He turned on me like a bulldog, but when he saw I was full of grub he listened. So I told him that all I wanted to say was that Hirschowitz and Munson were a couple of damn fine kids and ought to be recommended for the D. S. C. or something. I don't know where they are now, but wherever they are I'm for them, hook, line and sinker."

"All right," said the Colonel to me, "and now listen: I've got another detail for you. I pretty near groaned, because

I was very tired. Now if you're able, or whether you are or not, report this morning at headquarters to leave immediately for home." That was the detail he had for me, to start on the instant toward this regular man's town, with the rest of this group that's here now to boost the loan.

"And where did you get the wound?" Lieut. McKeogh was asked, the chevron on his right arm showing that a Boche had potted him.

"Oh, yes," he said, as if recalling a detail of slight importance. "That time in the trail in the woods when I plunked the German officer between the eyes he fired at the same instant and ripped me through the arm."

Which completed a detail lacking to McKeogh's simple account of his struggle through the woods—the item that throughout most of the time he was struggling against Boche and nature his left arm was torn and bleeding.

He has ten days furlough home, as also have the officers who accompanied him, before they resume active duties.

But instead of loafing they will give their furlough time largely to assist the home folks, whose arms and legs are not torn and bloody, to make the slight exertion of changing their perfectly good Liberty bonds, which are just another form of Uncle Sam's money.

### The Bond Boosting Band.

Here's the complete list of the bond boosting band of Pershing's men who will try, until the drive ends, to get the home folks to show something besides a casual interest in the conflict:

Lieut.-Col. Carl H. Muller, infantry; Second Lieut. Remsen B. Oster, infantry; First Lieut. E. J. Dashiell, 116th Infantry; Capt. Paul P. Gould, 325th Infantry; Capt. Roy M. Houk, 166th Infantry; First Lieut. Thomas P. Joyce, 51st Infantry; First Lieut. Arthur McKeogh, 308th Infantry; Capt. Frank L. Collin, 31st Infantry; First Lieut. Philip T. Williams, 143d Infantry; First Lieut. Gerald D. Runnels, 14th Infantry; First Lieut. Baldwin Robertson, 242d Infantry; Second Lieut. Paul H. Royer, 103d Infantry; First Lieut. Bernard P. McLean, 18th Infantry; First Lieut. Lewis E. Snyder, infantry; Second Lieut. Maxie F. Williams, 31st Infantry; First Lieut. Martin M. Crane, 36th Infantry; First Lieut. Charles G. Francis, 325th Infantry; First Lieut. Winfield H. Scott, infantry; Lieut. Harold D. Kraft, 34th Infantry; Second Lieut. John F. Craft, 124th Infantry; Capt. Robert E. Lee, 118th Infantry; First Lieut. Thomas L. O'Connor, 114th Infantry; Capt. McNeal Swamy, infantry; First Lieut. Charles S. Rhade, 36th Infantry; Second Lieut. E. N. Stevenson, 113th Infantry; Second Lieut. James Cooper, 110th Infantry; First Lieut. Louis E. Snyder, 146th Infantry; First Lieut. J. H. Courtney, 212th Infantry; First Lieut. Frank K. Mitchell, 333d Infantry; First Lieut. Elrick B. Kilner, 310th Infantry; First Lieut. Walter J. Bargrover, 352d Infantry; First Lieut. Francis W. Payne, 334th Infantry; Second Lieut. Foster S. Randle, 355th Infantry; Major Curtis G. Horebeck, infantry; First Lieut. Casper W. Hahnel, 103d Infantry; First Lieut. Earle H. Epp, 351st Infantry; Second Lieut. Harold Leedy, 353d Infantry; Second Lieut. Charles L. Green, 133d Infantry; Second Lieut. William J. Smith, 129th Infantry; Second Lieut. Harold D. Wilmetts, Fourth Infantry; Second Lieut. Junius B. Powell, Sixty-first Infantry; Second Lieut. Edgar M. Hiss, 81th Infantry; Second Lieut. Americus R. Norment, 312th Infantry; Second Lieut. Charles G. Cooley, 114th Infantry; Capt. C. C. Rutledge, 113th Infantry.

### \$50,000 IN OPIUM SEIZED.

#### International "Ring's" Quarters

Believed to Be in Pittsburgh.

PITTSBURGH, Oct. 16.—Discovery of what they believe to be the headquarters of an international "opium ring" was announced by Federal officials to-day after a raid upon a building in which \$50,000 worth of opium was seized. John G. Goodman and Harry Jacobs were arrested.

#### Chicago Registers 578,003.

CHICAGO, Oct. 16.—Registration in Chicago for the November elections tallied 578,003, with 388,568 men and 189,535 women. About 150,000 Chicago men are away from Chicago in the army and the navy or working in war industries.

## GERMAN SURGEONS TORTURED WOUNDED

Authentic Stories Bring In Big Liberty Loans.

Capt. A. R. Dugmore of the British army, a speaker at the Union League Club's Liberty Loan rally yesterday, brought an avalanche of subscriptions when he told of the cruelty practiced upon a captured German officer by the Germans. The story was told to Capt. Dugmore by his brother, who was released recently from a German prison camp.

The officer had his leg amputated by a German surgeon who refused to permit any one to aid the wounded man in mounting a flight of stairs to his bed immediately after the operation. A sentry was posted to see that no one extended aid, after the victim had fallen down the stairs in an effort to negotiate them.

Capt. Dugmore told of another wounded British officer who had his wounds ripped open by a German surgeon's thumb every three days. Samuel W. Fairchild, head of the club's special war committee, presided at the rally. Traffic on Fifth avenue at Thirty-ninth street was shut off for two hours while it was in progress. The Police Club and the band from the land battleship Recruit in Union Square furnished music. The rally closed with the singing of "The Star Spangled Banner" by Miss Rita Fornia.

### Ohio Cares for State's Wounded.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, Oct. 16.—Wounded Ohio soldiers from overseas will be cared for by the State of Ohio while convalescing at the State School for Deaf here, Gov. Cox and military authorities announced to-day. Other convalescing hospitals are to be established in Lima, Dayton and Cincinnati.

### \$1,800,000 Oil Fire at Seattle.

SEATTLE, Oct. 16.—Oil valued at \$1,800,000 was burned to-day on the Great Northern Railway Company's pier at Smith Cove. Damage to the pier and other property brought the total loss close to \$1,500,000.



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If you're one of those super-squeamish men, who likes his breakfast served from a silver tray with Limoges china on an embroidered Madeira cloth, choose a Stein-Bloch Overcoat at \$50, \$75, \$100, the limit of luxury.

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**JOHN DAVID**  
STEIN-BLOCH SMART CLOTHES  
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# It isn't how many Bonds you've bought, It's how much money and credit you've got left.

If you still have one available dollar, if you haven't borrowed to the point of inconvenience to buy bonds, if you haven't bought bonds till it's going to pinch you for the next six months, then you absolutely haven't done your duty in the present situation.

Don't "hold out" on the boys in France!  
Don't hold back the cartridges from some man on the firing line!

## There are three days left

We in New York have got to raise a thousand million dollars in those three days. All you have is needed. All you'll earn in the next six months is needed. Go to your bank and borrow!

The names of the patriots are being inscribed in letters of gold forever on the Honor Roll of the Fourth War Loan. Step up and be counted.

## Double Up! Hurry Up!

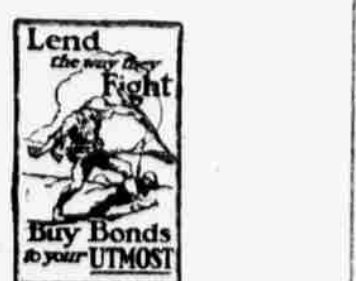
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